another matter. Who would even know?

The locksmith arrived around 10 to install a combination lock on the back door. It was something the manager and Adam had decided to do. I thought it was a bad idea. They probably hadn't thought about it at all. The locksmith should have come earlier. The maintenance man gave the locksmith our address then forgot to meet him.

The locksmith saw Karl sitting on the steps and asked him if he'd called him. Karl had had another quarrel with Mack that morning. He told the locksmith to fuck off. I noticed him sitting in his truck and invited him into the House.

Adam arrived around 10:30. I was talking to the locksmith as Adam got out of his little car and removed the purple bins from the trunk. The bins were heavy. I returned to the office and looked out the bay window just as he started to carry them into the basement. He was wearing shorts and I saw that his knees were swollen. I could tell they were bothering him by the way he carried the bins. I went out to give him a hand. I saluted him from the steps.

That is one of the indelible images I have of him, running in the background since I first saw it. Unlike the tapes in the security video, it's legible. Adam carries the purple bin with the four-liter bags of milk. I know it's heavy, because I've carried it myself. He wears a checked short-sleeved shirt open over a white T-shirt, shorts, gym socks, and running